

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIOT—WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2 1950

6d

PUNCH



AUGUST

2

1950

Vol. CCXIX

No. 5724

PUNCH OFFICE
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Navy**

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Pre-War quality



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Please send the most generous donation you can afford to help the Y.M.C.A. to extend its work

Donations may be sent to the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Athlone, K.G., G.C.B., President of the Y.M.C.A. War and National Service Fund - 112, Great Russell St., London, W.C.1



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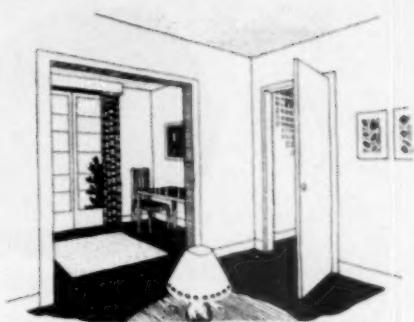
EARLY MORNING : the Land-Rover collects the milk, and comes back perhaps with a load of cattle feed from the town. Next, to the wood where they're cutting timber; the power take-off, coupled to the circular saw, makes short work of a long job, and the four-wheel drive takes it over any sort of country. In the afternoon she's off to town again with a load of potatoes . . . the Land-Rover certainly earns its keep on the farm.

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s available in a full range of colours. It is eminently suitable for private houses, hotels and restaurants, hospitals, sanatoria, schools, offices, public buildings, factories, milking parlours, dairies, canteens, etc. Full details and quotations on application.

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DONATELLO 2	MAHMOUD	WINDSOR SLIPPER	
1934	1933	1930	
ALYCIDON	TURESHAN	—	BIG GAME
1945	1937	1939	1939

Superlative performance over many years is needed to make good the reputation of a sire of winning bloodstock. The Home of Cope, by the same test over a period of 55 years, has proved its mettle and its reputation beyond question. Cope's latest illustrated brochure fully describes their service. Write in for your free copy NOW!

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THREE STAR CORDON BLEU



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Keep feeding bottles and teats sterilized continuously. Otherwise baby may fall victim to those germs that cause sickness and diarrhoea. The simplest and surest way is to

STERILIZE FEEDING BOTTLES
AND TEATS WITH

MILTON

LEAVES NO TASTE IN BOTTLES, TEATS OR FEED.

Stranger in the bathroom!

You have a friend in your house whom you don't know. Your toothbrush! It's a strange fact, but true, that 8 out of 10 people don't know what name is printed on the handle of their toothbrush! Few know what to ask for when buying a new one. Do you? . . .



Nylon or Bristle?

Natural bristle grows on pigs. Nylon is laboratory-made. Nylon does not get soggy or break off, and most people find it outlasts even the best bristle. But nylon or bristle, you get the best by asking for Wisdom.



Hard or soft?

Natural bristles are hollow and soak up a lot of water. So they soften when wet. But Nylon does not do this. So dentists advise you to choose a Nylon brush with a softer texture than you would use in a bristle brush.



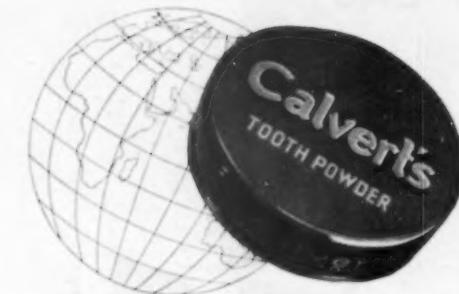
Which make?

We've been making toothbrushes since 1780, and we like to think we know a bit about them. So if experience in manufacture and research count — buy a Wisdom.



Handles — should they be crooked or straight?

There are all shapes in the shops. But only Wisdom's *correct-shape* is scientifically designed to clean every tooth in your head. The shaft is in line with the cleaning surface, not with the back of it, as in most brushes. Natural Bristle 2/6d. Nylon 1/11d. Junior 1/3d. Baby Size 1/1d.

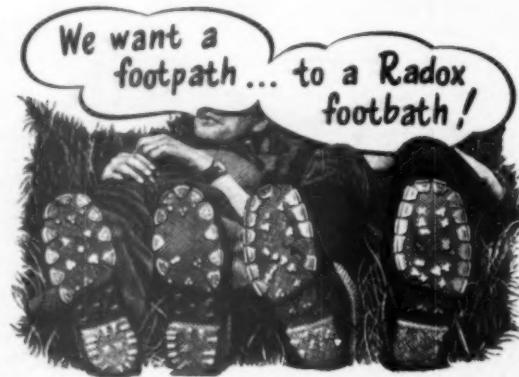


Cleaner by far . . . and wide

One of the friendly links with home for many thousands living overseas is the familiar tin of Calvert's Tooth Powder—on sale to-day in almost every country of the world.

For four generations users agree that Calvert's does its job of cleaning supremely well, and very pleasantly too, thanks to a unique flavour. Have you ever tried Calvert's Tooth Powder? You should, and let your teeth show the difference.

Calvert's TOOTH Powder



Off with those heavy dust-caked boots! Off with

those thick, soggy socks and into a Radox footbath with your weary feet! Relief! Radox charges the water with tiny, brisk oxygen bubbles. Weary feet become cheery feet. Pep comes back into your step!

RADOX

Gives your feet a treat

From all chemists—packets, 2/6 or 4/6; Pine 1/10; or 3/2 (inc. tax)

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the Game
is over.**



and the cooling-off process has begun, that is the time when colds and chills are likely to take hold. Chilprufe underwear is the obvious and natural safeguard. Its finest Pure Wool fabric gives the unfailing protection so vitally necessary

to the active schoolgirl, and at the same time allows full freedom of movement. For health, comfort, beautiful appearance, durability and true economy—but especially health!—insist on Chilprufe, the finest Pure Wool underwear in the world.

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for Girls. Ask
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Dufrais Special Vinegars give you all the fresh, natural flavour of the herbs and spices from which they are produced.

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For your greater pleasure and convenience. Gentle heat keeps the whole meal hot, but it will not damage the surface of your sideboard.

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**'ENGLISH
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Model 27505 400 watt. £10.10s.
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The fisherman who is blessed with a "Seagull" outboard need never miss a second of fishing time by toiling at the oars against a headwind. And he can troll all day on a gallon of petrol, if need be. Thanks to the "Seagull," golden moments of opportunity seized add up to hours of contentment.

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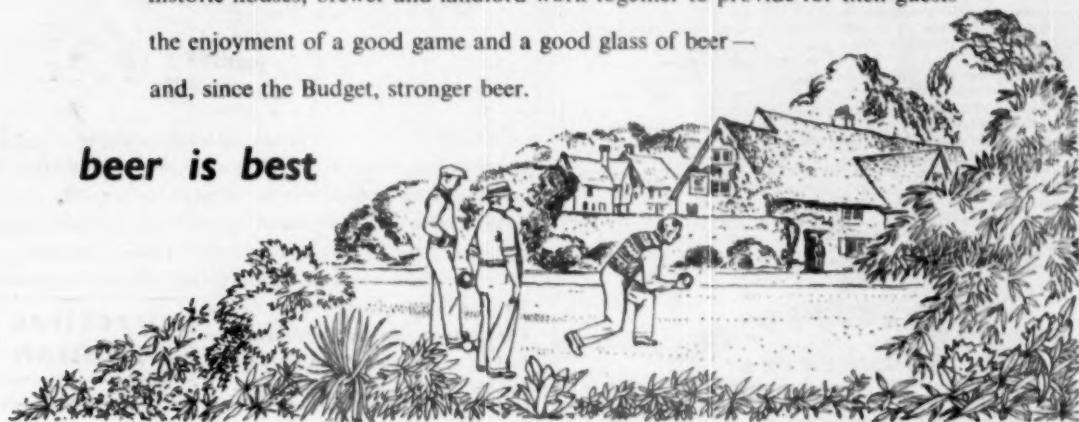
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The Finest Pipe that Money can Buy *... and the Tobacco for it*

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This ripe tobacco is blended by experts to an old fashioned recipe; free from artificial flavours it provides a smoke of rich and rare enjoyment.

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Pipes and Tobacco

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—CONFUCIUS.



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THE personal touch is never lost sight of by Martins Bank in its numerous branches and specialised departments.



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An olive baked in turkey

AT the start of this somewhat troubled century there lived, in France, an Epicure whose table and cellars were renowned.

One day, he sent an emissary to Italy, to pick for him the perfect olive from the olive groves on the peninsula of Sermione, where Catullus feasted two thousand years ago.

When the olive arrived, a small wren was stuffed with it. The tiny wren (plus olive) was stuffed inside a sparrow. The sparrow in a thrush. The thrush in a pigeon. The pigeon in a partridge. The partridge in a hen. The hen in a duck. The duck in a goose. The goose inside a turkey. Special wines, special sauces, special syrups embalmed this lousy dish of mixed fowl. The whole

was then slowly grilled, on the spit, for two days.

Ceremoniously, the dish was served. Reverently, the Epicure ate the olive. The flesh was fed to the dogs.

• • •

Today, little remains of that age of leisured pleasure. We can still thrill to a sunrise over Monaco Bay, or the smile of a beautiful woman. But what further have we?

A hint of luxury survives in Perfectos Cigarettes. Made by Player's according to the finest traditions of that world-famous House, blended by the world's finest craftsmen, they are packed in boxes of 50 and 100. In an imperfect world, Perfectos Cigarettes are just about perfect.

"**PERFECTOS FINOS**
CIGARETTES

P.F.I.



Vent-Axia

for Better Air
Conditions



Simplest
form of controlled
ventilation

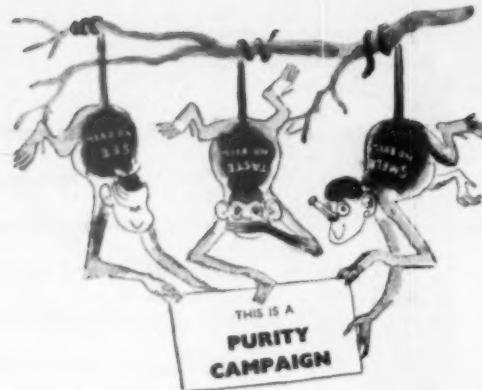
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You can add by subtracting which isn't so upside down as it sounds. By taking away an unpleasant odour, or removing a too-insistent flavour, or purifying a muddy colour, Active Carbon adds to the attractiveness of many products. And it does these things without affecting natural values in the least. Many manufacturers already depend on it for purity but its talents are far from fully exploited and the Active Carbon specialists are always ready to look at new problems from every angle

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As a general purpose Electric Hammer for 'medium' work, the Kanco Model F is ideal. Its many applications include the drilling of holes from $\frac{1}{4}$ " to $1\frac{1}{2}$ " diameter in brick or concrete, bush hammering, vibrating, tamping and hacking. You'll be amazed how much time and labour this Hammer will save!

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from Pilsen. The Real Pilsner Beer
Order it from your Wine Merchant
Ask for it when dining out

The word PILSNER is generally associated with lager beer. Do you know that PILSNER was first brewed in the town of PILSEN in Western Bohemia where Pilsner beer has been brewed for centuries? Not every beer described as PILSEN is real PILSEN. Be sure you have the real PILSEN beer — Pilsner Urquell.

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"FAIRWAY"

Utter freedom —

Pivot sleeves —

Full zip —

Fitted pockets.

Made in lightweight Popuda.
May be washed or dry-cleaned
and still remain weatherproof.

Price £7.10.0

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FAWN, SHERWOOD GREEN,
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JN 780



*Now, here's the drink
to refresh you*

says OLD HETHERS

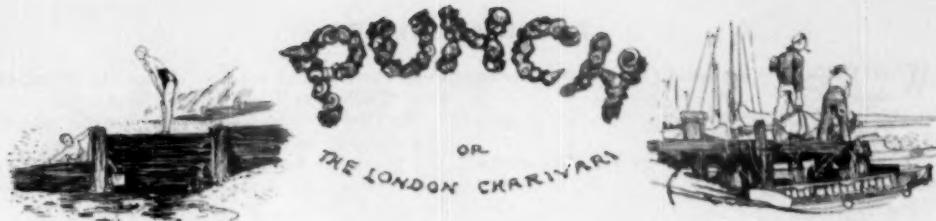
. . . and don't I know it myself!
Many a time when I'm rushed off
my feet trying to serve everyone at
once I have a quick Barley Water
myself. Its cool smoothness is so
refreshing, a regular tonic as well
as a drink.

Robinson's

Lemon
or Orange

**BARLEY
WATER**

CVS-2319



PUNCH

OR
THE LONDON CHARIVARI

CHARIVARIA

Now that Argentine meat supplies have again been stopped, it looks as though neither side is going to get its pound of flesh.



"I look forward to the time," says a correspondent, "when we can once again go to the Continent for a mere pound or two." It'll be a nice change from continually going to the United States for a few million dollars.

Up the Reds

"He said accused was a very good farm worker a hard worker, and beyond this there was nothing known against him."

West Country paper



A publisher doubts if an adverse radio review of a book makes any difference to its sales. Few listeners ever seem to take any notice of requests to turn down the volume.

3

"Mr. ---- heard a voice behind him say 'Keep quiet,' and something prodded him in the back. It was daylight."—*Daily Mail*

Impatient to be let through him, no doubt.



"About 40 immigrants for herd-testing work, three of them women, arrived in the Atlantic yesterday morning. They will be posted to various parts of the country.

The three women all have an agricultural background and are looking forward keenly to their new opportunities.

Miss D. W. M. Nott, is a B.A. (Oxon)."—*New Zealand paper*

She seems to be the right girl for the job.

3

The *Daily Express* estimates that one daily newspaper is sold for every two people in this country. The same view is held by the man who sits next to us in the train.

3

"10,000 TREES GIVE TOWN AN URBAN TOUCH."—*Lancashire paper*

Because you can't see the wood for them, of course.

3

It is rumoured that a growing number of Russians are now secretly beginning to wish that Stalin had never discovered America.

Douglas





B·O·A·C

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good
care
of
you

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- U.S.A.
- BERMUDA
- CANADA
- WEST INDIES
- CENTRAL AMERICA
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LONG . . . COOL . . .

A drink in perfect harmony with a summer's day mood . . . a drink to refresh and console . . . a drink to make you sigh with contentment . . . a

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Price £7.18.0

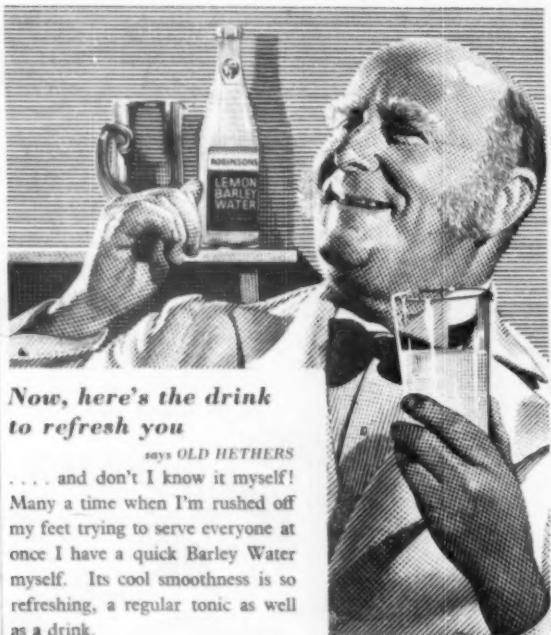
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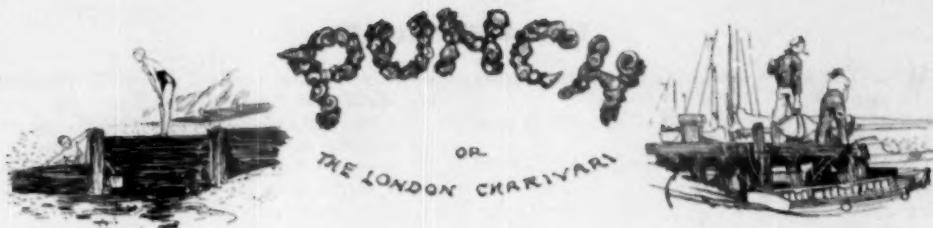
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to refresh you*

says OLD HETHERS
.... and don't I know it myself!
Many a time when I'm rushed off
my feet trying to serve everyone at
once I have a quick Barley Water
myself. Its cool smoothness is so
refreshing, a regular tonic as well
as a drink.

Robinson's

Lemon or Orange BARLEY WATER

CVB-2315



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Lancashire paper

Because you can't see the wood for them, of course.

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TWO BEST-SELLERS

"**WAITRESS**, there is a neutron in my salad. Kindly remove it."

"Oh, no, sir. Those are gamma rays, said to have no harmful effects upon foodstuffs."

"I see. Perhaps you will be good enough, all the same, to ask the head waiter to lend me his Quartz-Fibre Electroscope. I'll have a frisk with you. . . ."

* * * * *

However, this is a serious review of a more than serious book. We had better have a quotation to bring us back to earth.

"The whole should be encased in some dense material which will delay the expansion of the mass sufficiently to permit additional generations of fission . . . (Manual of Basic Training, Vol. II. Atomic Warfare).

"Frankly I do not see the object of spouting all this stuff out—some of it injurious if it leaked . . ." (The Second World War, Vol. III. The Grand Alliance).

That second quotation slipped in before I was aware of it. The difficulty about reading two best-sellers at the same time is that one thing leads to another. Mr. Churchill's remark did not of course refer to hints on the making of atom bombs in your leisure time. No doubt he will come to these weapons in his own good time, but in Vol. III not so much as a neutron escapes him. The truth is, as a matter of fact, that his account of the strains and disasters of 1941, read *pari passu* with the Manual, seems to acquire an old-fashioned, almost a cosy air:

"Would be grateful," he writes in a Memo, "if you would arrange for a demonstration of the following types of U.P. weapons:

1. Type K.
2. Apparatus A.D., Type L . . ."

To read such quaint old-world stuff is like turning the leaves of Froissart, when you come to it fresh from the Manual's remarks on "Delayed Effects." But for all that, phrases from *The Grand Alliance* persist in ringing in my head as I force my unwilling eyes to absorb the message of *Atomic Warfare*:

"It is, however, satisfactory to know that, in the design of shelters, protection against the lethal results of radioactivity is a practical proposition." (The Manual).

"I used the coldest form of factual narration . . ." (Mr. Churchill).

"Sewers, too, should be all right." (The Manual).

"It is not given to us to peer into the mysteries of the future." (Mr. Churchill).

"Now let us think about a piece of one-inch mesh rabbit wire . . ." (The Manual).

I should like to, but I cannot get my mind off those three diagrams, with their concentric circles, their measured intimations of mortality, and the delineation (which I particularly dislike) of the "Fall-out Area." I do not care at all, either, for the picture of a nucleus after it has been hit by a neutron. I am much bigger than a nucleus, and a correspondingly easier target;

also I distort more readily. As for the Permissible Dose of radiation, I want none of it.

Mr. Churchill's book, once again, has the right, the final comment on all such craven reluctances:

"Experience has taught me to look facts in the face however unpleasant they are, and not to fear to express the truth however unwelcome it may be."

It would be appropriate if these words could be printed, as a kind of motto, on the fly-leaf of the Manual. They are not, oddly enough, Mr. Churchill's words, but Stalin's—"but for whom," it might well be added, "this Manual would never have been written."

* * * * *

"Ah, there you are, head waiter. Kindly pass your Individual Dosimeter to and fro across my waistcoat. I thought so! I should be glad of a light hosing down, if it can be done without creating a further hazard with the water thus used."

"It's more than my job's worth, sir, what with half the staff bombarded by beta particles and fission products all over the pantry. And this a hot area and all. . . ."

"In that case you may leave me to the process of natural radioactive decay."

(Enter Gamma Rays and Gamma Flash, with Gaffer Plutonium holding both his sides.)

* * * * *

The troubles of our proud and angry dust! But "proud" and "angry" are old, reactionary, worn-out words; "radioactive" fits the metre just as well, and Housman, if he had thought of it (and had read his Manual carefully) would have been impelled for once to shake off the pessimism that darkens all his counsel. Delete "*Are from eternity and shall not fail,*" and substitute "*The quantities produced, however, are not likely to be so great as to create a serious menace.*" The rhythm suffers, but the patient hopelessness of the original gives way to a note of moderated rejoicing. So shoulder the sky, my lad, and drink—providing it has not been contaminated by alpha particles—your ale.

* * * * *

"Sewers, too, should be all right."

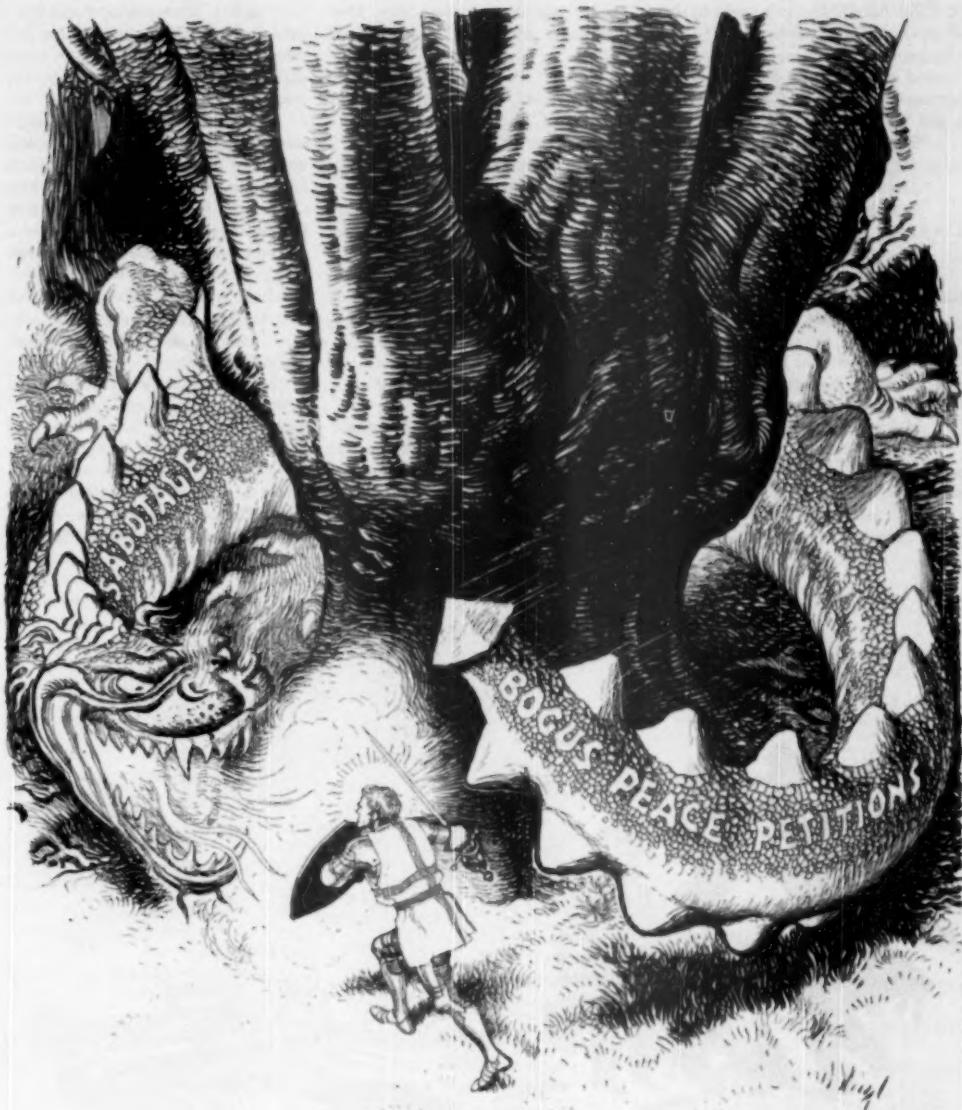
It comforts me to think that the human race, after all, will leave some memorial behind it.

H. F. ELLIS

6 6

FOUNDER'S DAY VISITOR

COME, then, among us. We who learn and teach Will greet you; hear your cliché-clustered speech; Laugh at your little jokes; endure your views On Classics, cricket, life and last month's news. Praise, if you will; blame, if you must; advise; Exhort. Do anything . . . save patronize.



DOUBLE DANGER

EASIEST THING IN THE WORLD

I FINGERED the two corks in the pocket of my beach-wrap. Roger climbed up the face of the cliff, turned a somersault, and squatted between us, rubbing himself with a towel. Judy watched admiringly.

"I learnt an amusing trick this morning," I said.

"Aren't you brown!" said Judy.

"I go black," said Roger. "Jet black."

"With two corks," I said.

"What's that?" said Judy, turning to me.

"A little trick," I said, "with corks."

Roger expanded his chest three and a half inches, and slowly relaxed.

"Make 'em disappear!" he said.

"Well, no," I said. "You sort of pass one through the other." I rolled the corks about in my pocket.

Judy rubbed oil on her leg.

"Mm," she said.

"D'you know how they saw a woman in half?" said Roger casually.

"Well," I said, "it's some sort of an illusion, produced by . . ."

"How?" said Judy, wide-eyed.

"Easiest thing in the world," said Roger, balancing the beach-ball on his forehead. "You have two girls. The extra one lies in the platform under the box and sticks her feet up through a hole and out one end of the box. The other curls up in the other end of the box and sticks her head out." He threw the ball in the air and caught it with his knees.

"How marvellous!" said Judy, with her mouth open.

It began to occur to me for the first time that she had what might be described as rather a weak mouth.

"Well, this trick with the corks," I said, "isn't very spectacular, but . . ."

"What I've often wondered," said Judy, "is how they do that one where they walk through a brick wall that's just been built on the stage."

"Easiest thing in the world," said Roger, aiming a pebble and throwing it down to the beach and hitting one of those wooden things that stick up out of the sand. "You have a carpet under the wall and a trap-door under the carpet, and you wriggle under, behind the screen."

Judy's eyes opened wider than ever.

"How simple!" she said, adoringly.

I took out my corks, and began to tap them together, clearing my throat.

"With this cork thing," I said, "you can hardly believe your eyes, the first time you see it."

"Of course," said Roger, standing on his hands and showering me



with sand, "they rehearse for hours with those stunts."

"Oh, they must," breathed Judy reverently, putting up a tentative hand ready to prevent him from falling down and breaking his neck.

"Matter of fact," I said, "I rehearsed this cork trick the whole morning, waiting for the rain to stop in that sun-loungue place at the end of the pier."

"Another damn good trick," said Roger, breaking an apple in two with his hands and giving half to Judy, "is putting a girl in a cannon and shooting her into a box hanging from the roof of the theatre."

Judy's eyes nearly popped out of her head. I reflected moodily that beauty and brains seldom go together. Pleased with the depth and brilliance of this discovery, I smiled to myself very cynically.

"And then," Roger was saying, with a superior expression like that of a man who has just opened a tin of sardines with a nail-file, "they push the box up through the stage inside the other one, and when they open it up, there she is. Simple."

"Of course," I said, holding one cork between finger and thumb, "even the smallest piece of sleight-of-hand requires—"

But Roger was already describing the method employed in making a grand piano disappear at the drop of a handkerchief, together with pianist and stool.

By the time he had finished, the tide had come in, and the admiration in Judy's eyes (set rather closer together than I had realized) was something to see.

It was at this point that she asked him how to do the Indian Rope Trick, and there was a pause.

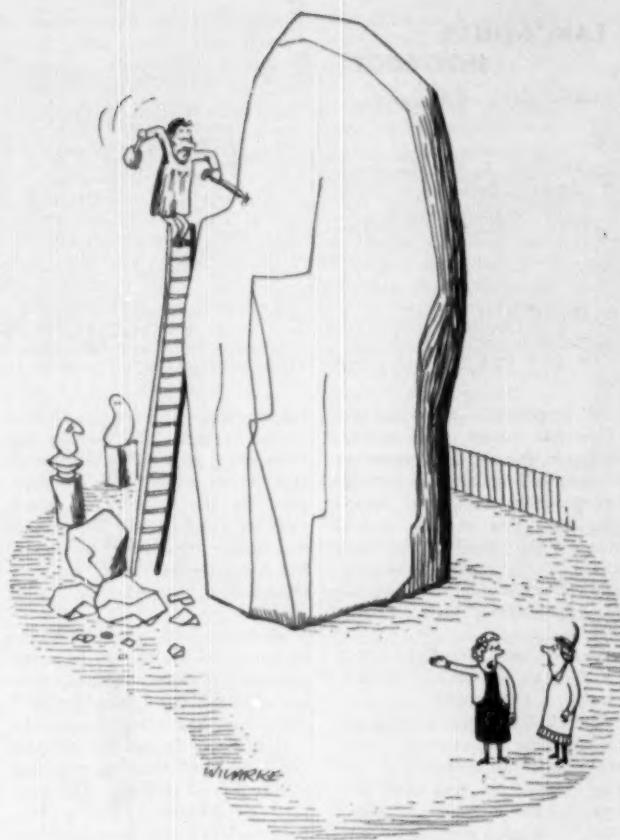
"Er—what was that little thing you were going to show us, chum?" said Roger.

I cleared my throat again.

"Well," I said, holding up my corks. "It's a simple little thing."

Judy looked at me as though I were a small boy about to recite "Daffodils," and a gust of wind blew the corks into the sea.

I was rather glad, in a way. The Indian Rope Trick made very good listening.



"Now he's taken up art—anything rather than work for a living."

BICENTENNIAL ECLOGUE

for two flutes and continuo

SHEEP may safely graze
Where a good shepherd
watches."

Across two centuries now
The pastoral measures flow;
Into atomic days
Bach's music reaches.

Sheep may safely graze,
Welsh Mountains and Rough Fells,
Southdowns and Kerry Hills,
Dorset and Wiltshire Horn
With soft lambs not yet shorn,
And blue-faced silky-wooled
The big lean Wensleydales,

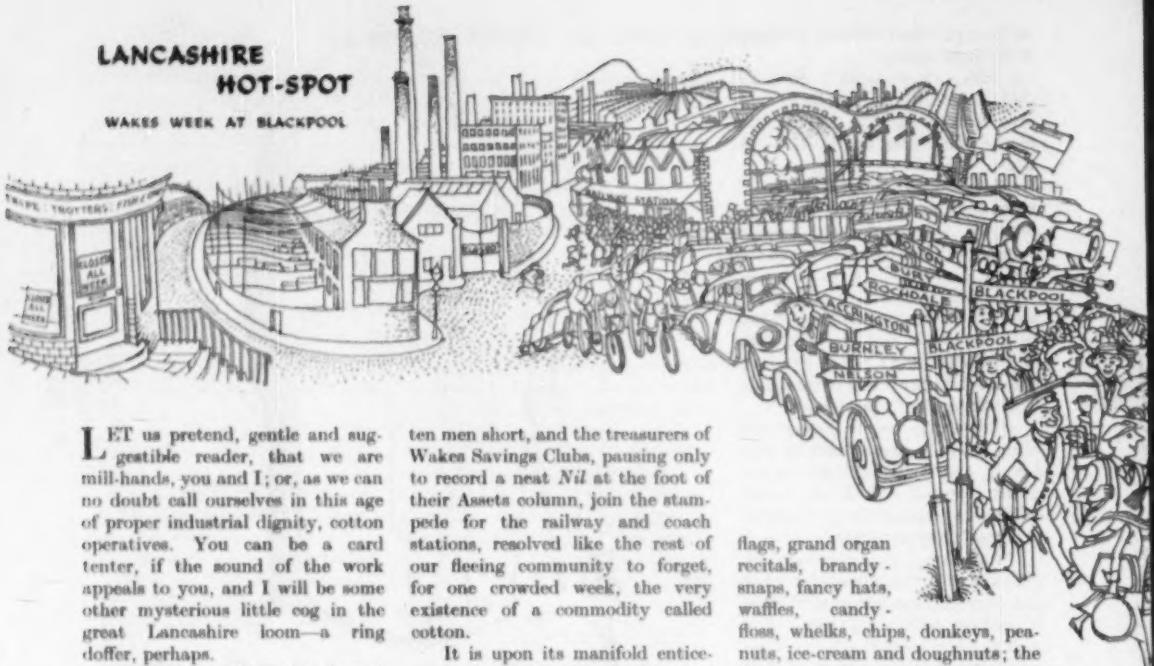
Lincoln and Border Leicester shearlings,
Long in the back and deep Clun Forest yearlings,
Ryelands and Romneys with their varied graces,
Longwools and Closewools, Herdwicks, Lomks, Blackfaces.

Sheep may safely graze
Where jet and Vampire,
Watchful, patrol the skies,
While free communities
Yield wayward sovereignties
With willing temper.

HH

LANCASHIRE HOT-SPOT

WAKES WEEK AT BLACKPOOL



LET us pretend, gentle and suggestive reader, that we are mill-hands, you and I; or, as we can no doubt call ourselves in this age of proper industrial dignity, cotton operatives. You can be a card tenter, if the sound of the work appeals to you, and I will be some other mysterious little cog in the great Lancashire loom—a ring doffer, perhaps.

Here in our mill at Rawtenstall or Rossendale (or we may be Boltonians or Oldhamians, or even Oswaldtwistleans) we have spent fifty-one long monotonous weeks tenting cards and doffing rings, not seeing much of the great world outside the borders of cottonland except for an occasional evening at the Electracium. Fifty-one long, monotonous weeks; and then, almost with the impact of an explosion—*Wakes Week.*

All the year we have waited and planned and saved and dreamed for this. The mill gates crash to behind us, and the whole town is on holiday. The wheels slow and stop; it will be seven days before they start again. The shutters go up outside the shops; it will be seven days before they come down again. Postmen's rounds are slashed to nothing, sub-post-offices close their doors, newsagents suspend delivery (some local papers even suspend publication, *The Wigan Examiner* for one), the police reel under thousands of notifications of temporarily untenanted dwelling-houses, local cricket eleves find themselves

ten men short, and the treasurers of Wakes Savings Clubs, pausing only to record a neat *Nil* at the foot of their Assets column, join the stampede for the railway and coach stations, resolved like the rest of our fleeing community to forget, for one crowded week, the very existence of a commodity called cotton.

It is upon its manifold enticements to oblivion that the fame and prosperity of Blackpool justly rest, and although the Lancashire holiday-maker has other haunts he is most likely to take his wife and family to swell that resort's nine million annual visitors. The very name of Blackpool has a rich, gleaming effulgence, laced with just a dash of delicious witchcraft, and upon its natural beauties of sea, sand and sky, lustily fanned by the warm west wind, artificial pleasures have somehow been superimposed without hurting Nature's feelings. It was meant by Nature to be a playground, and if the sale of "certified oysters" and "electrical sneezing-powder" add to its visitors' delight, only a spoilt-sport could affect to take offence.

Blackpool is a place of perpetual carnival, seven miles of highly-organized recreation glittering on the honey-coloured shores of the Irish Sea; seven miles of promenades, piers and theatres; ballrooms, bowling-greens and bathing-pools; golf-courses, tennis-courts, speed-boats and skating-rinks; fun-fairs, gardens, amusement-arcades, bands,

flags, grand organ recitals, brandy-snaps, fancy hats, waffles, candy-floss, whelks, chips, donkeys, peanuts, ice-cream and doughnuts; the Empress Ballroom (not to be confused with the Palace or the Tower, especially when making an assignation) is the biggest in England, where beneath the soft changing colours of the great chandeliers three thousand dancers can glide with ease; the South Shore open-air swimming-bath is the biggest in England, too, with heated cubicles for three thousand bathers; and, while this figure is haunting us, the New Opera House has seats for three thousand people . . . but no opera.

There is an airport and a greyhound-track, enough sea-washed, satin-smooth sand for every child in the world to own his own castle, a vast pleasure-beach where our last few surplus pounds can be agreeably got rid of in no time and our internal organs healthfully stimulated on the Whip, Moon-rocket, Auto-skooter, Reel, Bug, Noah's Ark, Roller-coaster or common Dodgem, and innumerable less exacting diversions such as going to "See Marie! The most Amazing Female Phenomenon ever presented to the Public View!" Dominating

all is the Tower—from whose cryic of a post office we shall dispatch our holiday correspondence bearing a romantic and unique postmark. But to Blackpool's visitors the Tower doesn't mean the tall steel Eiffel-like structure itself so much as the clutch of pleasure caverns over which it broods—ballrooms, theatres, restaurants, tropical gardens, an aquarium, a menagerie and a circus, whose bill this year, incidentally, boasts a surprising

For the ratepayer this may be just as well. This year's little show is budgeted to cost £55,000, including (one hopes) three hundred thousand lights and seventy-five miles of wiring, much of it devoted to entirely new and startling tableaux and other effects; there are to be scenes involving cowboys and Indians, and Robin Hood's merry men discharging flights of electric arrows; six floral archways blindingly spanning the promenade; nine-feet-high bouquets of dazzlingly illuminated flowers; even the breakers are to be floodlit, and the tops of the tram-shelters, according to the *Blackpool Evening Gazette*, "will bloom like the gardens in May."

piers at least once; and what about a look at the Winter Gardens this evening? We can roar our ribs out at Jimmy Edwards and still have time to overflow with the rest of the audience into the Empress Ballroom under the same roof, popping out now and again to introduce our partners to the delights (still under the same roof) of the Indian Lounge, the Alpine Bar and the Spanish Hall. Then to-morrow night—why not a little quiet roller-skating, after we come out of "Sunny Serenade" at the Grand? Or is it Wednesday we go to the Grand, and to-morrow "Ice Parade of 1950"?



aquatic spectacle, the ocean being suddenly admitted to the sawdust ring for a scintillating water-ballet finale . . . Yes, even a blasé sophisticate from the south could scarce forbear to cheer: for you and me, brief refugees from the grey industrial hinterland, Blackpool seems a breathtaking combination of Xanadu, Beverly Hills and the Elysian Fields.

It is a pity that the Lancashire Cotton Exchange has fixed the Wakes Week for Clayton-le-Moors (or wherever you and I come from) too early for the famous Illuminations. Like some other visitors, perhaps, we had the idea that this magical sight eclipsed the stars all the season round, but in fact it lasts only from the middle of September to the end of October.

It ought to be worth a glance, and we are sorry to miss it. Still there are fourteen "live" theatres, for a start, which is just twice as many as we have evenings available for; it looks as if we are in for some brisk sprinting from the first house at one to the second at another; the eighteen cinemas manage to exert a spell, too, even though we do have Gregory Peck in Waterfoot, Bacup or Astley Bridge.

Let us, at any rate, determine to exhaust the amenities of all three

Anyway, let's do something. Now, this minute. Now and all the time. Time is flying. Before we know where we are Wakes Week will be over and we shall be back again donning rings in Stacksteads, tenting cards in Tyldesley, a dreamy look in our eyes and our pencils ready to cross off the first of another fifty-one long, monotonous weeks.

J. B. BOOTHROYD

AT THE PICTURES

The Furies—Sylvia and the Ghost

IDETECTED in *The Furies* (Director: ANTHONY MANN), or thought I did, a very strong resemblance in mood and atmosphere to *Duel in the Sun*. At the moment of writing I haven't seen any other suggestion of this; it may be that since the outline of the story is not particularly reminiscent of that torrid and overpowering work the likeness of mood won't seem to most people very evident. But at least the films are both Westerns, and both from novels by the same author, NIVEN BUSCH, and both deal with what are commonly called "elemental passions." This is certainly the better of the two, and that not merely because of a fine roaring performance as an old "cattle baron" by WALTER HUSTON. Some of the dialogue is good—the sub-acid, rough dialogue of the lighter moments, not the stern literary rhetoric invoked for certain dramatic climaxes (at one point somebody remarks of the old man "He sits his stallion stiff with hate")—and there is some excellent spectacular stuff. But far more than most Westerns this is an affair of property and finance: at every turn one finds somebody behind a big desk, usually in a state of annoyance. Fifty-thousand-dollar wads are handed over in an electric silence, or inscribed with mysterious names and put into safes. When the beautiful high-spirited daughter comes to hate her father (she is "in love with hate"—just another of those powerful lines of dialogue) it is natural that the method of her

vengeance should be financial: she sets out, with the help of the hero who is of course a gambler, to make the old boy bankrupt. Even the local saloon is called the Legal Tender . . . All the same, this is by no means an indoor Western: time is found for the usual shooting-



[*Sylvia and the Ghost*]

Frederic—JEAN DESAILLY; *Ramure*—FRANÇOIS PERIER
Sylvie—ODETTE JOYEUX

match among the rocks, and the old man wrestles with a steer. WALTER HUSTON's performance throughout is outstanding; he was a great man. "The Furies," by the way, is the name of the ranch—probably because it makes a good title.

Sylvie et le Fantôme, shown here as *Sylvia and the Ghost* (Director: CLAUDE AUTANT-LARA), is strikingly



[*The Furies*]

Western Division
Vance Jeffords—BARBARA STANWYCK
T. C. Jeffords—WALTER HUSTON Rip Darrow—WENDELL COREY

better than anyone with an idea of the story might have been led to expect. Too many people have been whimsical about ghosts anyway, and when one knows not merely that the theme is a love-between-two-worlds affair but also that the live partner is a very young girl, one's heart sinks as one imagines the producer's preliminary order for gallons of the dew of innocence and tons of the petals of charm, complete with non-stop automatic sprinkler. But the result is highly enjoyable: the girl (ODETTE JOYEUX) is genuinely young and charming, and the business with the ghosts, both comic and tender, is managed without a false note. Besides the one real ghost, there are three false ghosts who are called in to perform for reasons too intricate to detail here, and much of the comedy arises from the fact that one is a professional. Simple though the fun is, it is real fun; and as nearly always in French films it is decorated with admirable character playing of small parts and presented in scenes that give great pleasure to the eye. This is no masterpiece, but it's a thoroughly entertaining and beautifully done trifle.

* * * * *
Survey
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London there are three more good French films: *Fanny* (26/7/50), and two together at the *Continental*, *Orpheus* (14/6/50) and *Au delà des Grilles* (22/3/50). Best non-French one: *Letter from an Unknown Woman*.

Treasure Island (5/7/50) is at the head of the releases: a rousing version in colour. *A Ticket to Tomahawk* is a burlesque Western, well made and extremely good fun.

RICHARD
MALLETT

FROM THE RUSSIAN

CONFESSORIAL

"JUDGES of the People's Court,
Do not forgive me.
I confess
My grievous aberrations,
I kneel, I grovel,
I crawl about
On all fours.
In my commodious cell
For two years
I have been well-treated.
I have had the best
Of everything.
Oysters
(When in season)
Were brought to me daily
From the Bay of Lenin.
Heartening extracts
From the speeches
Of Joseph Stalin,
The Wise, the Good,
Who discovered
The Laws of Gravity,
Were played to me
On the gramophone.
No man ill-used me.
No drug was administered.
My conscience,
The eyes of my comrades,
The teachings of Stalin,
Have illuminated
The dark abysses
Of my disgusting soul.
Is it not enough?
I have been guilty
Of criminal self-will
And bourgeois opinionism.
I told Comrade Ratovery
That I was surprised to hear
That Joseph Vissarionovich Stalin
Had split the first atom
With his own hands,
Well knowing
That this was a Party decision.
I questioned the assertion
Of Comrade Lavinski
That Soviet submarines
Are able to fly.
It is perfectly true
That on March 17, 1946,
I permitted myself
In a Soviet tram
To speak to the American Consul,
Well knowing of his conspiracy
With Bartok, Batsky, Eisenbaum
And other Imperialist
Wolves of the West
To disequilibrate
The integrationary purpose

Of the Soviet man
In Oblovovosk.
Further proofs
Of my diversionary trends
And beastly ratiocinationalism
Are to be found
In my letter
To the woman Smith
Of England,
Which I wrote
In Esperanto,
As I pretended,
For practice in that language,
But, in truth,
With the childish hope
Of hiding from justice
My animal opinions
And sub-human infidelity.
Now, Judges of the People,
I have but one complaint
(Though even this
It is not for me to utter),
That my own counsel,
Comrade Obolsky,

Has presented
My obscene divagations
In a light less harsh
Than they deserve.
I have a right
To the extreme penalty.
I should demand
A death of boiling oil
But that, purged and refreshed
By these proceedings,
I still hope humbly
To serve more faithfully
The causes I have undermined
With intellectual tunnelling
And dynamical distrust.
So I suggest
That I be cut up in pieces
And sewn together again,
That then, a new man,
I may continue the glorious
struggle
For the Soviet Union,
For Peace and Brotherhood."

A. P. H.



"You should see the ridiculous hat
my wife bought herself yesterday."

A MATTER OF FORM

I
War Office Orders—Officers' Records
 ALL officers will check their AFB 190A (revised 1949) and report direct to the War Office by 1 May 50 that they are correct.

II
 747(M) HAA REGT. RA (TA),
 MELTON MOWBRAY
 15 Apr 50

To: The War Office
 Subject: Children, surplus.
 From: Captain W. B. Smith, RA

SIR.—I have the honour to inform you that my record of service is inaccurate in one respect. In the section devoted to my next of kin appears the name "Kenneth Andrew," born on 14 February 1942.

Although I am married and have two children, my wedding was in 1944 and neither my wife nor I have any knowledge of Kenneth Andrew. Will you therefore please delete his name from my record of service.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
 Your obedient servant,
 W. B. SMITH, Captain

III
 THE WAR OFFICE
 P/12345/AG 99(c)
 1 May 50

To: 747(M) HAA Regt.
 Subject: Records, Capt. Smith
 Ref your letter of 15 Apr 50:

1. Your attention is directed



to the pamphlet "Guide to Unit Documentation, Peace and War" (1943), from which it will be seen that no action can be taken to alter particulars of next of kin without documentary evidence.

2. You should therefore submit a death certificate relating to the child, or a certificate of adoption from his present legal parent.

xyz, Major
 for AAG

IV
 747(M) HAA REGT. RA (TA)
 6 May 50

To: The War Office (AG 99)
 Subject: Children, Capt. Smith.
 Ref your memo P/12345/AG 99(c)
 of 1 May:

1. As already stated, Captain Smith has no knowledge of this child who he hopes is in perfect health. He has not adopted anyone.

2. It is thought possible that the Army holds another Capt. Smith. Should this be the case, and should he be short of a child, could not Kenneth Andrew be transferred to his record?

W. B. SMITH, Captain
 for Lt.-Col. Commanding

V
 THE WAR OFFICE
 P/12345/AG 99(c)
 29 May 50

To: 747(M) HAA Regt. RA (TA)
 Subject: Records, Capt. Smith
 Ref your memorandum of 6 May 50:

1. It is not possible to effect any alteration to an officer's record on information supplied by a third party, unless this is supported by documentary evidence from the officer concerned.

2. You should therefore forward a statement from the officer now responsible for this child, or, if he is not available, inform the War Office of his particulars.

xyz, Major
 for AAG

VI
 747(M) HAA REGT. RA (TA)
 6 Jun 50

To: The War Office (AG 99)
 Subject: Records, Capt. Smith

Ref your memo P/12345/AG 99(c)
 of 29 May:

1. Capt. Smith does not know who is now responsible for the child and cannot therefore forward a statement.

2. The child is not available but his particulars are entered on Capt. Smith's AFB 190A.

W. B. SMITH, Captain
 for Lt.-Col. Commanding

VII
 THE WAR OFFICE
 P/12345/AG 99(c)
 28 Jun 50

To: 747(M) HAA Regt. RA (TA)
 Subject: Records, Capt. Smith
 Ref your memorandum of 6 Jun 50:

As Captain Smith has failed to produce the necessary documents to support his claim, he should be informed that the War Office can take no action to relieve him of his parental responsibilities.

abc, Lt.-Col.
 AAG

VIII
 747(M) HAA REGT.
 24 Jul 50

To: The War Office (AG 99)
 Subject: Pay, Arrears of, Capt.
 Smith
 Ref your memo P/12345/AG 99(c)
 of 28 Jun 50:

Will you please confirm that this memo constitutes authority for Captain Smith to claim a rebate of Income Tax in respect of one child for 8 years, and Special Family Allowance at 5/- per week from 5 July 1948.

W. B. SMITH, Captain
 for Lt.-Col. Commanding

IX
 THE WAR OFFICE
 26 Jul 50

To: 747(M) HAA Regt. RA (TA)
 URGENT MEMORANDUM

Scrutiny of records reveals Capt. W. B. SMITH (12345) RA has been erroneously shown as father of boy Kenneth Andrew born Feb 42. Report forthwith why War Office orders regarding notification of incorrect details on AFB 190A not complied with.



"I'm glad now I forgot to bring my sun-glasses."



CANDID COMMENTARY

GOOD EVENING, ladies and gentlemen, and good evening also to our overseas listeners, from the Silver City Stadium, whither you have been transferred by my colleague in the studio a quarter of an hour too early, as usual.

At the moment there is some sort of fracas going on in the ring between two boxers whose names would mean as little to you as they do to me. As neither of these gladiators possesses a knock-out punch, the fight will probably go the full distance.

The Stadium is full, a lot of people here to-night. The ringside is full of celebrities of stage, sport, and screen. Those of them who are not trying to catch my eye are climbing on chairs to get within range of the television camera. I can see Myrtle de Reske, the child star, with her little son, who is just beginning his national service, and Lucas Carromy, the great lover—you'd never guess he was wearing a wig—and from the world of sport we have—let me see—oh, yes, Shorty George, who rode a very queer race at Kempton the other day—and there's A. J. Fruit—they say he can't play fast bowling. I don't know why they specify *fast* bowling.

Hullo! one of the men in the ring has fallen down. Did he fall down by himself, Harry? No, I wasn't watching either. Anyway, the body is being dragged out, so I suppose the other chap, the one who didn't fall down, must have won, or something.

That fanfare of trumpets heralded the approach of the challenger, James J. Jones. He's climbing into the ring now. I've

never seen Jones looking fitter, have you, Harry? No, I've never seen him before, either. I suppose that criminal-looking character in the appalling tie is his manager.

That second fanfare was for the champion, Bob Fitzbrown. Now he's in the ring too. Actually there are about thirty people in the ring at the moment. I don't know what all of them are doing, and I have a shrewd suspicion that they don't either.

I could give you a knot by knot description of the gloves being put on, but I prefer to work on the daring assumption that you know that the old bare-knuckle days are over.

I don't have to tell you how important this fight is to both participants. Apart from the title which is at stake, there is the money. When their managers, agents, seconds, trainers, handlers and other dependents have been paid, there is always the chance that some money will be left over for the boxers themselves. No doubt this exciting possibility will play its part in spurring the two men on to knock the living daylights out of each other.

Now the referee is talking to the two men. From their expressions of brutish indifference I shouldn't think he is getting across. They shake hands with marked insincerity. Everybody out of the ring—and there's the bell for round one.

Well, it's still round one. If anything worth reporting happens, I will tell you.

One minute of round one still to go.

Jones moves forward, Fitzbrown



moves back. If Jones were a leper, Fitzbrown could not avoid him more studiously.

There is the bell for the end of the first round. What do you think of that, Harry? I quite agree. If anything, Jones is a shade less flat-footed than Fitzbrown.

Round two coming up.

Jones's guard is so low you would think he was fighting the Seven Dwarfs, and as for Fitzbrown, if he only—

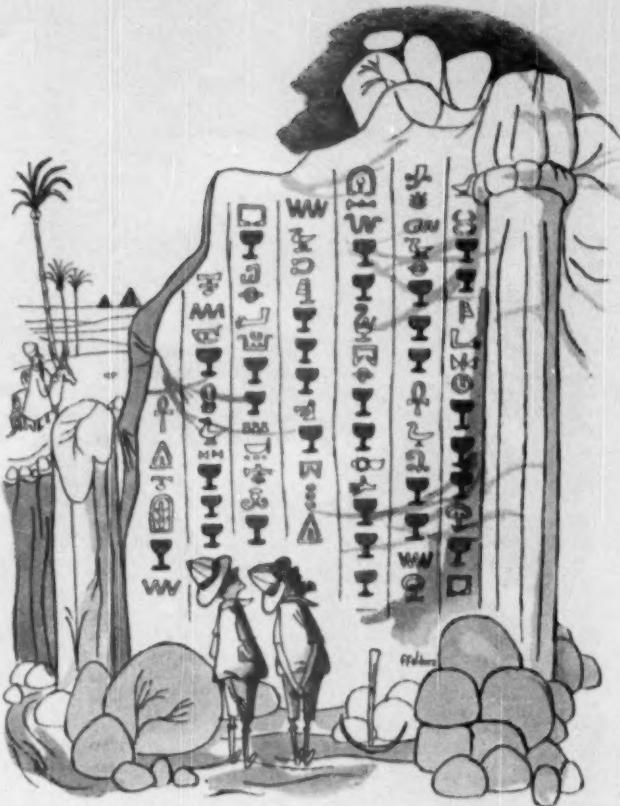
Oh, dear. Oh, I say! Fitzbrown has struck Jones. Struck him with his famous left hook. This is the punch he said he would win with. Delivered with all the weight on the wrong foot, it travelled only a yard and a half before landing on top of the challenger's head. It had Jones worried for a moment. No grown man likes to be patted on the head in public.

That was definitely Jones's round. He showed remarkable restraint in refraining from taking advantage of the many openings left for him by the champion. I think he is fighting to instructions, Harry, don't you?

Here we come to round three, and both men mean business. Left-right from Jones, and another left, and another, and another, and a right from Jones, and another left. You wouldn't expect from that that Jones would now be leaning on the ropes with the senses beaten half out of him, but there you are—that's commentating. I was so busy doing justice to Jones I didn't have time to tell you what Fitzbrown was doing.

Fitzbrown's round. The seconds have got Jones's remains in the corner, and they are working on them. In the opposite corner people are trying to explain to Fitzbrown that he has a wonderful chance now, but with only sixty seconds to do it in their task is obviously an impossible one.

This is round four, and Fitzbrown comes right out of his corner, and Jones goes straight into a clinch. Jones butts the champion, and Fitzbrown imprisons Jones's right arm. This is all illegal, and about twenty-five thousand people are pointing it out to the referee. As the referee



"Seems they had quite a party."

tears them apart, Fitzbrown misses with his right. As a matter of fact Fitzbrown has been missing consistently with his right all evening, but I am here to comment on blows, not gesticulations.

Jones misses, and Fitzbrown misses.

Fitzbrown misses, and Jones misses.

They miss each other so much their hearts must be aching.

There's the bell for the end of the round. Well, Harry? Harry? Oh, dear, Harry seems to have disappeared.

Fitzbrown has a black eye. I don't know who gave it to him. Not Jones, certainly.

Up they come for round five.

Having only one serviceable eye seems to have improved the champion's aim—he has hit Jones, and while Jones stands bewildered at this departure from accepted practice, Fitzbrown hits him again, and Jones is DOWN!

I don't know why, because the punch would not have made a perceptible dent in a sheet of tissue paper, but down he is.

The referee is counting—five—six—Jones sits up—eight—Jones lies down again, and Fitzbrown is the winner! And now I am going to return you to the studio before he starts to sing.

You have suffered enough.



THE VALLEY

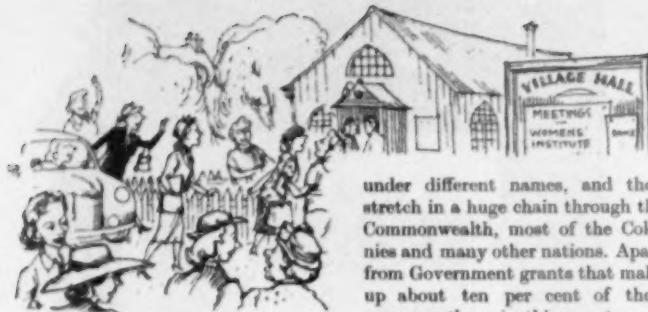
ON either bank, above the idle water,
Vast in the sun the vacant pastures lie.
All round the silent woods shut in the valley,
Laying their tops against the cloudless sky.

The sun has filled the world to overflowing:
Man, beast and bird have gone into the cool,
And nothing stirs in all the sun-drowned valley
But the three children playing in the pool.

They run, but cannot rouse the sleeping valley;
They shout, but cannot stir the breathless air:
Slight figures, voiceless, lost in a vast landscape
Too deeply sunk in summer's peace to care.

The summer sun has seen so many children
Lost in its broad magnificence; and they,
Content, absorbed, assuming other summers,
See the sun's self implicit in their play.





THE W.I.s

LOOKING back at all the things that badly needed doing and yet were left undone when England still had time and money, men can have no great cause for satisfaction, for in those days the reins were mainly in their hands. This was especially true in the country, where women had more than their work cut out to spread a small wage over the needs of a large family, and were supposed to know little of the grave matters weightily discussed in the lamplit circle at "The Plough." When it came to an argument Father held most of the cards, because Mother was short of information; and though her instincts must often have told her that he was talking through his hat she was seldom in a position to puncture him with facts. Whether it was Mr. Fairchild returning to his mansion or Hod clumping back to his cottage Father laid down the law with as much immunity as if he had been in the pulpit. He knew about things, Mother didn't; and while she had her own ways, cunning and devious, of getting what she wanted, she had to treat him as an oracle. It was a male monopoly of public opinion, and, as we can see now, a shocking state of affairs.

Franchise, radio, the pressure of two wars and many other factors have brought a swift revolution that has made woman a full working partner. Very high on the list is the influence of the Women's Institutes, of which there are now 7,400 in England and Wales, with a membership of 439,000. Scotland and both ends of Ireland have them

under different names, and they stretch in a huge chain through the Commonwealth, most of the Colonies and many other nations. Apart from Government grants that make up about ten per cent of their expenses those in this country are self-supporting.

The idea came from Canada. A farmer's wife, Mrs. Hoodless, feeling that views could be as usefully

NORMAN MANBRIDGE



exchanged by women as by men, gave an historic talk in 1897 to a meeting at a place called Stoney Creek, and the first W.I. was formed. The experiment caught on in Canada, but it was not until 1915 that Mrs. Alfred Watt introduced it here. The British Government, anxious about food, backed it warmly, and though the first W.I.s went in for many kinds of war work they concentrated chiefly on produce clubs. In 1917 the National Federation of Women's Institutes assumed central control, and since then the movement has expanded steadily, widening its activities to

become a dominant and civilizing feature in English country life.

Any village or small country town of less than 4,000 inhabitants can have its W.I., and any woman (who has left school) can join for three-and-sixpence a year. For that she gets amazing value. At the monthly meeting, held in the afternoon, she makes friends with a complete cross-section of local society—the W.I.s are non-political, non-sectarian, and their officers are elected by secret ballot. At the meeting she will hear a stimulating talk, be kept in touch with the affairs of her neighbourhood, and be given the chance to join classes

on arts, crafts and all manner of subjects. If she wants to paper the parlour or start a herb garden, information is available from lecturers and pamphlets. If her garden produces more than she needs, she can sell her surplus through the W.I. stall in the market; and if her taste runs to singing, dancing or acting, the W.I. County Music and Drama Committee exists to help her. *Home and Country*, the excellent monthly magazine, gives a broad view of the movement, and the monthly letter sent by headquarters to the County Federations is re-issued to the Institutes with the addition of local news.

In other words a great deal of bracing fresh air is being blown into the minds of women in villages, and it's not difficult to imagine how much the W.I.s are doing to brighten

hard and busy lives. Socially the effects are very interesting. No longer content to stand aside from the mystery of local administration women now play their part with an admirable impatience of obstruction, contributing a new fund of expert knowledge of everything to do with the home. Men have learned to listen with respect. Parish councils are briskly awoken from immemorial slumbers and obliged to take action on nuisances too long accepted. And impatience with Bumbledom in the villages has been usefully reflected on the national level as well, for Whitehall realizes that views put forward by the

The meeting which Mr. Punch's Artist has drawn was in a village hall about thirty miles from London. As male intruders we were immediately put at our ease by ladies of all ages, about fifty of whom were present. Obviously all of them, having somehow torn themselves away from stoves, hoes and sewing-machines, were out for enjoyment. Proceedings started with the theme-hymn of the W.I.s, "Jerusalem," and the business that followed was put through with model dispatch. Afterwards we were in luck, for the President had just returned from four days at Denman College, and told us about it in a crisp and amusing speech. In the middle of England, near Abingdon, and close enough to Oxford to attract university lecturers, this post-war centre is open to all W.I. members and takes forty-five at a time for short

regional crafts. Our President spoke of it glowingly: the lectures were good, she had made friends with women from all over the country, and had even crammed in Stratford and "Henry VIII" . . . An entertaining talk followed on the production of Christmas cards, and after that came tea and the social half-hour basic to all W.I. meetings. This included a competition. Newspaper and coloured tissue were passed round, ten minutes allowed, and suddenly the air was thick with exotic garments. Gorgeous Gussie was amply catered for, but with becoming modesty we gave the prize to a ballot-skirt ripe for Sadler's Wells . . .

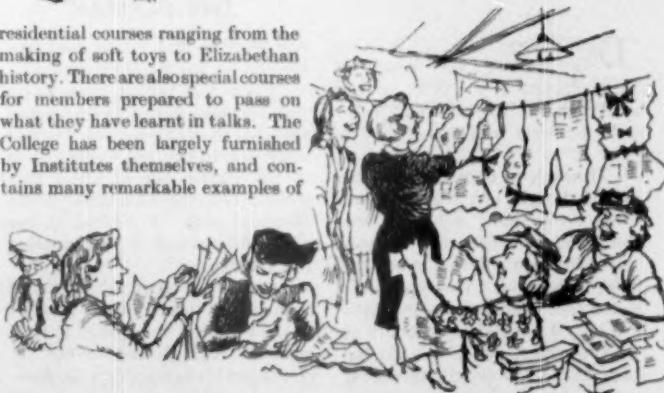
Two points about the W.I.s struck me particularly. One is the lively appreciation of quality they are fostering by their encouragement of crafts. In the frantic pursuit of quantity made necessary by economics we are in danger of forgetting that British goods were once considered the best in the world; and for every village to have its corps of experienced critics is extremely healthy. The other is the W.I.s' active work for international goodwill. Many Institutes have links with those in the Commonwealth and Colonies, overseas visitors come to Denman College, and the International Committee at headquarters freely exchanges ideas with foreign countries. This is surely the stuff on which peace is built.

ERIC KEOWN



Federation represent a great body of practical common sense. It has also, one hopes, a sense of gratitude for the splendid war work of the W.I.s. Housing is a question constantly being worried. A typical crusade by the Federation was its inquiry in 1949 into water, sewerage and general village amenities, which brought to light scandals untouched since the Middle Ages. About two out of every three villages had no sewerage scheme whatever, and filthy wells, overflowing cesspools and unbelievable domestic sanitation made a gruesome list. The questionnaires sent out to every Institute resulted two months ago in a booklet called "Your Village," a first-class piece of objective reporting. Though this shows that most local authorities are fairly active, some of the conditions it reflects make one's hair rise.

residential courses ranging from the making of soft toys to Elizabethan history. There are also special courses for members prepared to pass on what they have learnt in talks. The College has been largely furnished by Institutes themselves, and contains many remarkable examples of





"We half expected you . . . just getting the spare room ready."

THE SQUEAK

DON'T forget," said Edith, "that the jumble sale starts at three o'clock. If you don't get our stuff round to the parish hall pretty soon the vicar won't have time to price it."

Although my nerves were shaken by the thought of the crime I was about to commit, my voice was steady as I replied that I would attend to the jumble as soon as I had finished the letter I was typing. To lend colour to the suggestion that I was busy I banged away loudly on my typewriter, and Edith did not know that I was merely reiterating again and again the statement that

now was the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party.

I was still typing when Edith put her head round the door and said that she was going out. She had a few calls to pay, but would look in at the jumble sale at about four o'clock, and relieve me at the White Elephant stall. I glanced at her shoes. All was well; she was wearing the green pair.

As soon as I heard the front door shut behind her I went upstairs to the bedroom. I opened Edith's cupboard and glanced at the big pile of jumble in a sack on the floor. Then, hardening my heart, I took

the pair of blue shoes from the shelf above, and added them to the pile of jumble. For three months those shoes had made my life a misery, and I was determined to suffer no longer.

They did not squeak when Edith first bought them, but after she had worn them about a week they began to emit a faint crunching sound, and within a fortnight it had developed into a loud squeak. She took them to the cobbler and he messed about with them, but they squeaked louder than ever when they came back. Then some fool told me that you could unsqueak shoes by making

two little holes in the soles with a gimlet and inserting match-sticks. I spent a whole evening on the job, but though I used up three boxes of matches I could not get any of the sticks to stay in the holes.

So the shoes went on squeaking, and the noise nearly drove me mad. I begged Edith to give the shoes away, but she said she rather liked the squeak . . . it was company when she was alone in the house.

At the parish hall I handed over the sack of jumble to the vicar, and he dished it out to the ladies on the various stalls. I was glad to see the blue shoes displayed prominently on Mrs. Johnson-Clitheroe's stall, as it was important they should be snapped up by the time Edith arrived; and just before four o'clock I deserted my White Elephants and went to see if the shoes had gone. They had.

When Edith arrived I approached the subject of the shoes with great care, trying to make her believe that they had fallen from the shelf and got mixed up with the jumble by mistake. She did not seem impressed.

"You did it deliberately," she said. "And I was very fond of that pair of shoes. I shall expect you to replace them."

We called at the shoe-shop on the way home, and I was surprised to find what a lot feminine shoes cost in these days. However, as the assistant guaranteed to change them if they started squeaking I was reasonably satisfied with my day's work.

When I sat down to work next morning and heard a terrific noise of squeaking in the passage I couldn't believe it, until I peeped out and caught sight of Mrs. Gudgeon, who obliges us four times a week. A great jumble-sale addict is Mrs. Gudgeon.

D. H. BARBER

"The innings of Worrell and Weekes were little gems. While they were in, the 30,550 spectators were thrilled by a glorious array of flashing strokes, many of which left the fieldmen standing still as they raced to the boundary."
"Scotsman"

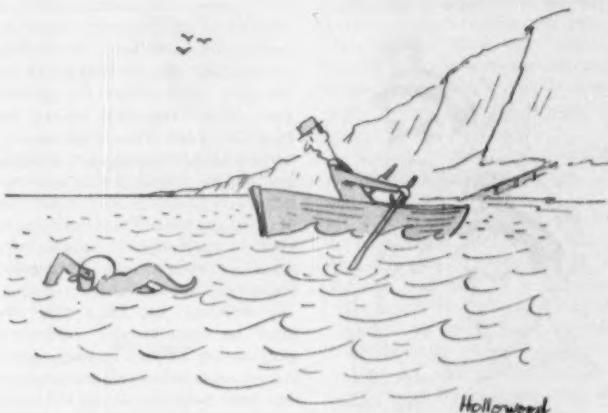
An ideal subject for television.

LIGHT, VARIABLE WINDS, BRIGHT INTERVALS

AT the foot of the hill the grazing field
Is golden with buttercups; bright, then dim,
A mirror reflecting the hurrying heavens,
Racing the clouds, the shadows skim.
And here on the hill, in a peaceful silence;
We sit and stare at the afternoon;
A peaceful silence that's sometimes blurred
By the clank of a train in the deep chalk cutting,
The bark of a dog in the Martins' orchard
And the broken sounds of a Tannoy loud-speaker
To say that the horse-show's beginning soon.

The opposite hills are a misty greyness
Under the sky where the low clouds run;
A tall horse-chestnut tree, bright with blossom,
Shines in a few moments' grace of sun.
You stretch out a hand to pick a grass-stalk,
And nothing is heard but the whirr of a bee.
Nothing is heard on the summer air
But the roaring of planes from a near-by airfield,
The din of the starlings among the branches
And the boom of a microphone's muddled echoes:
"Event fourteen will be . . . After tea . . ."

Touched by the scurrying sun, the elm trees
Swing out of shade to a brief, warm glow.
The light breeze ruffles the musky hawthorn,
Scatters its flowers like summer snow.
We listen to changeable sound and silence
That ebb and flow like a rolling sea;
Now loud, now soft, as the winds revolve
With the cornerake noise of a distant tractor,
The chock of an axe that's felling timber
And the wavering blare of an amplifier
Playing selections from *Rose Marie*.



"Oh, and one more thing—don't forget that the French call it 'La Manche'."

AT THE PLAY

King Lear (STRATFORD)—*Mister Roberts* (COLISEUM)

TO those who saw his earlier performances in the part, Mr. JOHN GIELGUD's *Lear* at Stratford is disappointing. By now he is probably much improved, but on the first night he failed to convey the fullness of tragedy until the final scene with the dead *Cordelia*, when he was magnificent. Up to then there was majesty, but we were not really moved.

This production, by him and Mr. ANTHONY QUAYLE, is in many ways interesting. *Regan* and *Goneril*, played by Miss GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES and Miss MAXINE AUDLEY, are given the bright levity of fashionable hostesses combined with a deliberate icy brutality; when her husband is dying, and stretches out to *Regan* for her arm, she steps aside in a way that horrifies far more than the Gestapo handling of Gloucester. *Cornwall* himself is made by Mr. PAUL HARDWICK an extraordinarily sinister villain, whose lips curl so direly as to affright even a dramatic critic. And the *Fool* of Mr. ALAN BADEL is surely one of the best we have had, like a withered fledgeling bird with the secret of eternity in its staring eyes. Miss PEGGY ASHCROFT's *Cordelia* is memorably

*King Lear*

Cordelia—MISS PEGGY ASHCROFT; *Lear*—MR. JOHN GIELGUD

touching, Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE gives *Gloucester* an urbane devotion, and Mr. MICHAEL GWYNNE's honest *Albany* fulfils the promise of much sound work at Stratford.

The production was well, and sometimes excitingly, lit by Mr. MICHAEL NORTHEN. Mr. LESLIE HURRY's dresses were fair, but I thought his sets unnecessarily heavy.

Mister Roberts has shaken New York, as I dare say it will shake London. It is a very childish saga of bare-chested frustration, to which all the forces of elaborate American production have been wonderfully marshalled. Mr. JO MIRZINER has brought what seems the greater part of a cargo-ship on to the revolving stage of the Coliseum, and against this background of extreme realism we watch the uninhibited behaviour of a semi-mutinous crew of over fifty men. From the point of view of spectacle, of sudden agile mass-movements and unexpected groupings, the results are occasionally startling; but for a story we must be content with adolescent glorification of the he-man—loud-voiced and unashamedly sentimental. One can't help comparing the quiet and infinitely more effective treatment of a somewhat similar theme in "Seagulls over Sorrento."



Lieutenant Roberts—MR. TYRONE POWER
Ensign Pulver—MR. JACKIE COOPER

As a reflection of life in the American Navy in war-time the piece is incredible. The bullying Captain curses his second-in-command in front of the crew; the Lieutenant drops his requests for a posting to a warship in return for shore-leave for his men; and when they come back from wrecking even official houses he thinks this a tremendous joke. It all seems much more a picture of Narkover than of a grown-up ship, though there is a hint of something deeper in the Lieutenant's final departure and death in action. The characters are mainly stock figures, but many of the men are sharply defined, and three stand out vividly: Mr. TYRONE POWER's admirably forthright *Lieutenant* (*Mr. Roberts*), Mr. RUSSELL COLLINS' dry *Doctor*, and Mr. JACKIE COOPER's very amusing *Ensign*, an essay in the ingenuous that wins new respect for this ex-infant prodigy of the screen.

Recommended

Comedy and pathos are neatly blended in *Seagulls over Sorrento* (*Apollo*), straight from the lower deck. The revival of *Gaslight* (Vaudeville) is chilling and powerful. And *Golden City* (Adelphi) puts the South African gold rush acceptably to music. ERIC KEOWN

THE GAME'S THE THING

"I AM now the only boy in the class who hasn't a pair of white flannels for cricket," said David. "The only boy," he repeated bitterly.

I congratulated him. "I need hardly tell you," I said, "how proud it makes me, as your father, to find you at the tender age of twelve in the vanguard of the fight against privilege and caste (expressed in this instance in the cult of cricket whites.) If you would like me to write a brief note to your headmaster, indicating that we refuse to be coerced into shameful conformity, please say the word. You know I never refuse your reasonable requests."

David said that in that case he'd like the flannels.

"At your age," I said, disappointed to find that the boy had nothing of the crusader in him, "I never even dreamt of possessing white flannels. The clothes I wore for cricket were those I wore for almost every other human activity. I still remember the tears of pride with which I contemplated my first belt—yes, a simple, elastic belt—bought with what sacrifices from the hard-earned wages of a milk round. Until then a notable (and, indeed, indispensable) feature of my attire had been braces—one of the components of which, I remember, was string. Yet I was no worse a cricketer for it, as witness my average of 15.33 recurring on wickets that never knew the groundsman's art."

I was myself so moved by the simple pathos of the recollection I had conjured up that I was beginning to embark upon further reminiscences of an early life that was not without its privations, when Kathleen interrupted to remark that if, as she feared, I was about to relate how I once dropped down a grating the shilling intended to buy the family dinner, she must beg to be excused. A brisk discussion followed as to how many times I had told that particular story, ending when David, with the tenacity of youth, brought the

conversation back to the subject of cricket flannels.

"Let us look at the practical side of the matter," I said. "The cricket season, short in any event, is nearly at an end. And you are growing fast. White flannels bought for you this year will be useless by next. You have no younger brother to whom the garment could pass. Any suggestion that your mother should present me with a baby son in order that, twelve years hence, your cricket flannels may get another season's wear, though superficially reasonable, will not bear critical examination."

David said that in any case it might not be a boy and he did not want to be landed with another sister. All he wanted was the flannels. Kathleen, who was unaccountably siding with David in this matter, remarked that she had seen quite a nice pair in the High Street that morning. Her purpose in breaking off at this point, of course, was to trap me into asking what the price was. Once one has done that, one is assumed to have admitted the idea in principle; subsequent resistance is rarely very prolonged. I therefore remained silent and Kathleen, after waiting in vain for the question, virtually owned herself outmanoeuvred by

saying "Only seventy-three and sixpence."

I made little noises indicative of horror and alarm. Shouldn't she, I suggested, put the facts before the local price-control committee? She ignored this.

"I have it," she said suddenly, as though the purchase of the flannel trousers were an objective to which we were both committed and all the discussion centred on ways and means. "Why not cut a day off that silly walking holiday of yours? You would probably save at least enough to pay for the flannels."

I do not think my indignation at this suggestion was excessive, having regard to the provocation. My annual walking holiday, which began as a full Sunday to Sunday affair in the year of demob, has already been whittled down to a long week-end, thanks to the electricity board, the insurance company, and Barbara's music master. In fact it seems to be regarded by this family as little more than a reserve fund for meeting household bills.

"The expense has nothing to do with it," I said with dignity. "I am contending for a principle. It is the little fellow who cannot afford white flannels whom I have in mind. The boy who finds himself an outcast among his fellows, compelled to slink pariah-like about the school playing-fields in merely grey flannels or a kilt or what not; the boy deprived of the comradeship which is the birthright of youth because of a cruel ukase. Think of him."

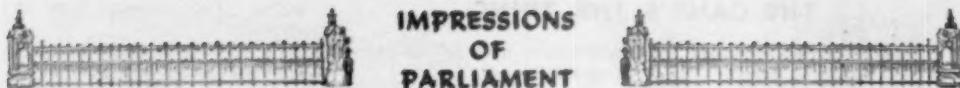
"I am," said David.

I gave in after that. One has to know when one is beaten.

I took half a day off and went to watch him play in the flannels last Tuesday. Although he was bowled first ball by a full toss I must admit that he looked very nice. In fact the whole team presented an extremely elegant appearance except for one boy in a pair of very ragged khaki shorts with what looked like a hole in the seat. He scored thirty-two not out and took five for nine.



"One and a half, please."



IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT

Monday, July 24th

It was evident, from the manner of the Prime Minister when he walked into the House of Commons, that he had something of unusual importance to communicate. He sat down amid his Ministers and seemed too preoccupied even to engage in the elaborate and intricate pen-and-ink doodling which is his custom.

And then, as Questions ended, he rose and asked leave to make a statement. A hush fell on the House. Members craned forward to listen. Mr. ATTLEE spoke quietly, but with emphasis.

He said that an official inquiry now going on had established that saboteurs "with considerable scientific knowledge" had been responsible for explosions in Royal Navy ammunition barges at Portsmouth in mid-July. (A gasp ran round the House.) The plans had been carefully calculated for their effects. He would like to add that those injured in the explosion were recovering (a cheer) and to express the thanks of the Government for the invaluable work done by workmen and their officers in dealing with this "most dangerous situation."

Another cheer, this time with a strong note of anger and indignation in it, rose when he said that "it was a miracle that there was not a serious loss of life among workers in the armament depot and their families living close by. This was due to the prompt action, often in circumstances of considerable danger, taken by these men."

"A very grave statement indeed," was Mr. ANTHONY EDEN's comment, and he associated his followers with the tribute to the armament men. "A very startling situation," said Mr. CLEMENT DAVIES, for the Liberals.

The House turned unhappily to the next business, which was a consideration of the precautions to be taken against future air-raids—if

any—including the possible use of the atomic bomb. Mr. GEOFFREY LLOYD, who had a considerable part in framing the A.R.P. plans which produced so many heroes and heroines of the back-streets in World War II, promised the aid of his Party in getting recruits for the new organization now being formed by the Government. And, while he would be the last to deny the dreadful effects of the atom bomb, he wanted to repudiate any defeatist attitude towards it.

Impressions of Parliamentarians

"Mr. Speaker"
Colonel D. Clifton Brown (Hexham)

Mr. CHUTER EDE, the Home Secretary, agreed that steps could—and would—be taken which would minimize the effects of the bomb, and added that he did not share the view that the weapon was necessarily decisive.

He paused, then went on: "... If we know what we have to meet and take reasonable precautions against it."

So it was necessary to have an effective civilian defence organization, and Mr. DE FREITAS, Mr. EDE's Under-Secretary, mentioned that sixteen million people were eligible to join—mainly the over-forties who would not be needed for other duties.

Truth to tell, it was not a very cheerful evening's talk—but it showed that unity in face of national danger which has so often been the despair of would-be conquerors.

Their Lordships were talking about a proposal to give diplomatic

immunity to officials of the Universal Postal Union—a course which was objected to as "inflating the currency of diplomatic immunity." Lord HENDERSON, for the Government, put forward the proposal, but, after some protests, the Lord Chancellor said it would be taken back for further consideration. And taken back it was.

Mr. MAURICE WEBB, in the Commons, caused a good deal of speculation by his mention of the "Post-War Loaf Conference"—which most Members took to be the antithesis of Full Employment. But apparently it is something to do with whiter bread, which he promised (or, as some doctor-M.P.s put it, threatened) towards the end of August.

Tuesday, July 25th

There seemed to be nothing special in the day's proceedings, but (as the thriller-writers say) before the day ended strange things were to be recorded.

Except that the programme was, on paper, one of the longest inflicted on the House for many a day, it was all very normal until, appropriately enough, midnight. Then Sir JOHN MELLOR rose to do what he has so often done before—to move the rejection of a Government Order. This time the objection seemed to be based mainly on the fact that the two Government Whips who had formally signed the Order were not present (presumably to take a curtain, if called upon, as Authors). The wrangle went on for a long time, and Government-supporter Mr. CECIL POOLE, who tends to get angry in a long sitting, declared his intention to force a division, regardless of the pacific views of the Tory critics, who did not want one. He seemed to do this with the best intentions—from the Government's point of view—and, so far as one could judge, to teach the upstart Tories a sharp lesson.



"My dear fellow! Flying carpets are just an optical illusion."

So, when the time came for the Question to be put, some Government supporters cried "Aye," some "No." That being so, the Chair had no option but to call a division. And, that being so, it had no option but to call for the names of the Tellers on each side. Since no one was nominated by the "Noes" it was inevitable, under the rules, that the Chair should declare the motion for the revocation of the Government Order carried.

This meant the defeat of the Government, and Mr. POOLE and Government Whips exchanged the sort of mutually-critical glances Mr. Laurel and Mr. Hardy normally exchange as they emerge from a pool of whitewash.

Wednesday July 26th

National defence is one of the subjects always treated with great seriousness by House of Commons: the House of Commons, and there was a respectful hush as to-day's debate on the subject was

opened by Mr. SHINWELL, the Minister of Defence. Mr. CHURCHILL—acknowledged master of the subject—sat watchfully opposite, armed to the teeth with notes and references.

Although it was well known that a certain number of the Government's supporters were critical, there was a general air of agreement that our defences must be looked to and, if need be, reinforced. The House had that atmosphere of a Council of State which so well becomes it on grave occasions.

Mr. SHINWELL spoke carefully, avoiding sharp answers to the very occasional interjections—mostly from his own side—and keeping steadfastly to his typed brief. It was an excellent if depressing speech, in which he insisted that Russia was the only possible disturber of the peace and that that great country ought to give evidence of its pacific intentions.

But, since that assurance was not at present forthcoming, Britain

owed it to herself and to the world to see to the strength and efficiency of her own armed forces. About £100,000,000 more was to be spent on armaments immediately, and more next year. He gave figures of the vastness of the Soviet Government's military strength, to show how essential a precaution this was. But it was not necessary, at present, to increase the length of conscript service.

Some Government supporters rustled uneasily when Mr. SHINWELL announced that a balanced land force was to be sent to work under General MacArthur in Korea—and added that, if necessary, National Service men might be included in it.

Mr. CHURCHILL called the speech a "candid" one, and commended Mr. SHINWELL for it. Then he proceeded to puzzle the House by making the briefest of speeches himself—saying only that he would want to say a good deal later on. He was holding himself in, no doubt, for a great "end-of-term" effort on Thursday.

MOISTEN ME AGAIN, COMRADE

"VERY little," says a paragraph in the shipping magazine *Fairplay*, "is ever heard of Russian air activities; but in a recent issue of *Soviet News* it was stated that live fish had been successfully carried by air without water, or at least without being submerged. The fish—carp—were loaded in wooden cases which had tarpaulin cradles suspended in them, each cradle being amply moistened—"

This intriguing news-item, affording as it does a glimpse of one of the less-discussed aspects of life behind the Iron Curtain, is yet (though I do not wish to seem ungrateful) rather unsatisfactory; it leaves the reader wanting to know more about the incident under notice and with no means of satisfying his curiosity. By a fortunate coincidence, however, a friend of mine happened to be in Novgorod at the time and actually made the trip to Ryazan in the same aircraft. He has since returned to this country, where I was privileged to hear the full story from his own lips.

"The fish were loaded in wooden cases," he began, biting his fingernails apprehensively, "which had

tarpaulin cradles suspended in them, each cradle being amply moistened—"

"I know all that," I interrupted. "What I want is the personal angle. Did the fish sleep during the journey? Was there an air hostess to talk to them and take their mind off their discomforts? Did they flop eagerly into the basins provided at the resting-places, and were they reluctant to come out again? What, in short, were their impressions of the whole business?"

"Their unanimous opinion," said my friend, twisting his head rapidly from side to side to see if anyone was standing behind him, "was that the ingenious method of transport thoughtfully provided for them reflected the greatest credit on its designers, who are all loyal members of the Party. It was just another instance, they observed, of how Comrade Stalin's fatherly care extends to even the humblest citizens of the U.S.S.R. In the United States," said my friend, bending down and peering under the sofa, "fish are frequently compelled to march long distances over dusty roads, driven on by the whips of brutal overseers, minions of the bloodsucking Wall Street imperialists."

The instinct for news which is the sixth sense of the trained journalist told me that he was

keeping back something, possibly because he was nervous. I took him into the kitchen, gave him half a tumbler of port-type wine, and demonstrated that there was no possibility of there being any third person in the room. This was self-evident, since it was only by standing with one foot each in the sink that we could get in ourselves. "Now," I said, "you have known me a long time. Any information you may reveal to me will be treated in the strictest confidence. Tell me, as between man and man, were those carp perfectly comfortable in their tarpaulin cradles? Moist, no doubt, they were when they began; but did any fish allude during the flight to the remark made by the Governor of North Carolina to the Governor of South Carolina? Would they, if they had a perfectly free choice, come back the same way, or would they rather swim? You were on the spot; you had the opportunity to observe their reactions. This is a free country. Speak out, and tell me the inside story. And for a beginning," I said, "tell me how you managed to secure a passage in the aircraft."

A shudder passed through his frame. "It was the only way I could get out of Novgorod," he replied. "The pilot said he was not allowed to take passengers, but that there was an empty tarpaulin cradle and if I gave him my gold watch he doubted if he would notice any difference between me and the carp. So I got in."

"Then you owe your escape to the pilot," I remarked.

"I suppose so," he said grudgingly. "But there was no need for him to have had me placed in a basin of water at every stop. That was carrying the thing too far."

"Do you consider," I asked, "that the Russians have a sense of humour?"

His answer was to make a noise like an angry goldfish.

G. D. R. DAVIES

• •

Merciless Beauty

"Feet will look trimmer on the beach if they have been cut by the special curved blade scissors which make this job easier."—*Daily paper*



BOOKING OFFICE

Churchill: The Third Volume

THE Grand Alliance covers almost exactly the events of 1941, a year of disaster and uncertainty which yet brought Hitler's suicidal attack on Russia and America's declaration of war. "Looking back upon the unceasing tumult of the war," writes Mr. Churchill, "I cannot recall any period when its stresses and the onset of so many problems all at once or in rapid succession bore more directly on me and my colleagues than the first half of 1941." The threat of invasion was still acute, though Mr. Churchill persuaded the War Cabinet, against Sir John Dill's advice, to continue maximum reinforcement of the Middle East. Exceptionally heavy sinkings led to his proclamation of "The Battle of the Atlantic," which, with special efforts on our part and the powerful intervention of America in the Western sector, greatly reduced shipping losses by the end of the year. Balkan affairs went grimly. The Yugo-Slav collapse was "another example of 'one at a time,'" Prince Paul's attitude having been "like that of an unfortunate man in a cage with a tiger, hoping not to provoke him while steadily dinner-time approaches." The Greeks went down more gallantly, and thanks to the Royal Navy four-fifths of our troops were evacuated. The tragedy of Crete—there is a frank signal from General Freyberg pointing out the poorness of his chances—followed. The Italian Empire faded, but in the desert ups and downs Rommel was mostly on top.

Mr. Churchill believes that Moscow was saved by the derangement of the German time-table through Balkan resistance; but all these multiple and simultaneous responsibilities bore intolerably on Lord Wavell, our great Commander in the Middle East, for whom any reader of this history must feel the utmost sympathy. When at length he was moved to India he was tired out, and knew it.

Mr. Churchill pulls no punches about Soviet guilt and ignorance. In a personal message he warned Stalin of Hitler's intentions, but up to the moment of the Nazi onslaught Russia was pumping supplies into Germany and blackguarding the Allies on her radio. Then, when precious equipment was being quickly diverted to her, she demanded with complete military unreality a second front. It is good to learn that Mr. Churchill grew very tough with Maisky. On the eve of the German attack Mr. Churchill, asked by his secretary whether the situation was not difficult for him as the arch anti-Communist, replied: "If Hitler invaded Hell I would make at least a favourable reference to the Devil in the House of Commons."

It was in this year that he first visited the President and formed with him the close friendship that had such far-reaching effects on Anglo-American unity. From their first meeting sprang the Atlantic Charter, from their second, just after Pearl Harbour, the all-important foundation of the Chiefs of Staff Committee in Washington.

The book, like the previous volumes, is very fully documented, though from necessity the traffic is mainly one-way. Most interesting is the paper prepared for the President in December on the urgency of continental operations in 1943, which disposes, as Mr. Churchill is anxious it should, of the theory that he was averse from large-scale landings.

And, as before, the papers in the appendices make the reader wonder how one man at so bumping a helm could possibly have found time and energy for such an astonishing diversity of interest. Was it true that a general was enforcing a seven-mile run on his division, and did he run the seven miles himself? Ambassadors abroad who clogged vital channels with verbosity must be taught a sharp lesson. What was being done about photo-electric fuzes? The A.T.S. must sink their own *esprit-de-corps* in the fullest integration with anti-aircraft batteries. How about the homeless in London? And food production: "Although rabbits are not by themselves nourishing, they are a pretty good mitigation of vegetarianism." Almost in the same breath he is asking to see patterns of pikes and maces, while agitating for a heavier tank. And always there appears to have been time for such heartening minutes as this, to the Secretary of State for India: "Certainly let an invitation be sent, provided that in general you see U Saw."

ERIC KEOWN

Love in a Warm Climate

Mrs. Violet Trefusis cunningly feeds a nostalgia for a past that most of us have never known. She moves with ease and apparent authority among Italian and Spanish aristocrats, English county families and expatriate English women in Florence. *Pirates at Play*



is enormous fun, a social comedy with sociological interest, written in an individual and sometimes brilliant style. The family of Florentine climbers who marry into and out of the British peerage, the princess who manages and comments on the plot, and the English heroine with her beauty and her insensitive laugh are original comic creations with their own life. There is one of the best parties in recent fiction, some neat, casual scene-painting and a general air of controlled accomplishment that is very cheering. Mrs. Trefusis is gay and hard, sometimes slightly like a mixture of Miss Nancy Mitford and Ronald Firbank, but mainly just herself. In places she is a little too trilingual for the bilingual reader.

B. G. G. P.

Frozen Assets

That Frozen Land, in which Mr. David James describes (mostly in diary form) a year spent in the Antarctic when he was a member of the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey, is likely to interest most those who suffer, or are exalted, by explorers' itch. Naturally, the matter is interesting, but there is not much in the manner of writing to excite the lay reader except when the author, who was in charge of the huskies, lets himself go over the characters of the dogs he loved. The book makes good comment on the amazing elasticity of mankind, but the magic lies between the lines and in a letter written by another member of the party—"Those were great times, which made one the better for them," and "There's only one Antarctic in the world, and you can't take it with you." There are many excellent photographs.

B. E. B.

The Rider of the Winged Horse

There was an occasional touch of chivalry about the fabulous Greeks which seldom entered into the annals of their historical successors. Deliberately heightened, it gave a Gothic air to "Tanglewood Tales," and it bestows the same atmosphere on *Whom Athene Loved*, which derives from Hawthorne's "Cousin Eustace" manner. The experiment—no longer an experiment but a skilled craft with Mr. George Baker—is highly successful. The basic appetites of mankind being unchangeable, the adventures of Bellerophon, which are the matter here, carry conviction as a series of moral choices. Old acquaintances come to new life. (Perseus has won his Andromeda and is settling down.) And if Athene intervenes to assist her protégé and Aphrodite backs his disreputable hostess Anteia of Argos, it is little more than what Providence and the Devil would do for any of us. Bellerophon's romantic scruples are handled with respect; and only Anteia's chronically injured husband is allowed to indulge a pardonable taste for irony.

H. P. E.

Rolling Stone with a Bias

Mr. Douglas Reed, who everywhere uncovers evidence of immense conspiratorial designs remorselessly advanced by the twin forces of Political Zionism and Russian Communism, has been visiting South Africa and has not failed to find further support for his thesis. The final chapters of his *Somewhere South of Suez*, being occupied with a renewed exposition of recent world-history along his own lines, come somewhat dully after his earlier, reasonably lighthearted, travel talk, yet even when he is journeying comfortably enough through beautiful new countries and among friendly faces the uneasy mixings of races and the weary tales of century-old grudges that he finds there perpetually bring him back to dim secret agencies plotting, in Basuto kraal as in Johannesburg office, against the laws of God and human liberty. It comes as a relief to find him just once in a while really enjoying a good cross-country gallop or a glimpse of distant Table Mountain.

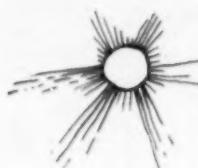
C. C. P.

Books Reviewed Above

- Second World War. Vol. III. The Grand Alliance.* Winston S. Churchill. (Cassell, 25/-)
- Pirates at Play.* Violet Trefusis. (Michael Joseph, 9/6)
- That Frozen Land.* David James. (Falcon Press, 12/6)
- Whom Athene Loved.* George Baker. (James Barrie, 9/6)
- Somewhere South of Suez.* Douglas Reed. (Cape, 12/6)

Other Recommended Books

- A Dictionary of the Underworld.* Eric Partridge. (Routledge, 50/-) Uniform with this unrivalled authority's *Dictionary of Slang*: "the vocabularies of crooks, criminals, racketeers, beggars and tramps, convicts, the commercial underworld, the drug traffic, the white slave traffic, spivs"—British and American. 800 big double-column pages stuffed with learning, fascinating etymologies and curious quotations.
- The Way Backwards.* R. P. Lister. (Collins, 8/6) Gay, light novel about administrative and amatory tangles in the Civil Service, written by an ex-bureaucrat with a highly-coloured imagination.

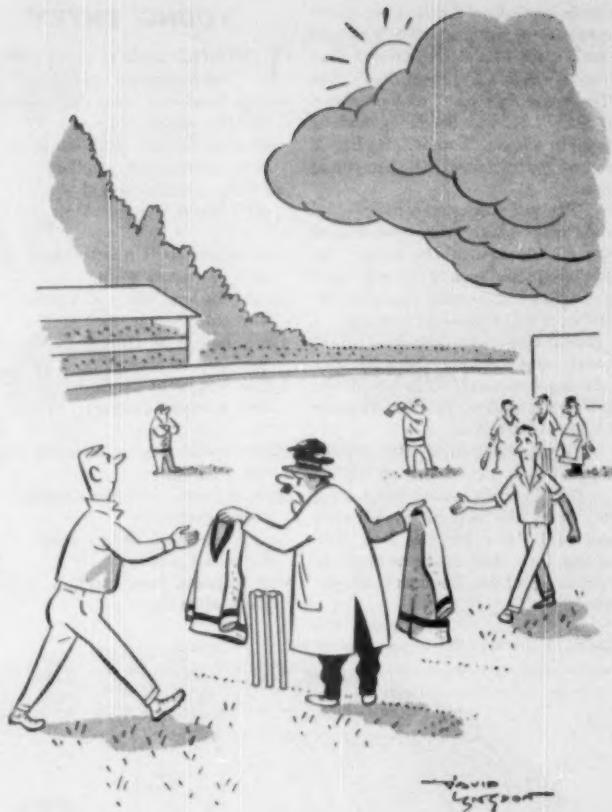


NOT DONE

I WOULDN'T say that we were always done. And I don't like people who make a boast of being always done. "I'm *always* done," they say, with the greatest complacency, in the same way as they announce "I'm *so* unbusinesslike." And then you know you'd better begin keeping your wits about you.

Looking back on it I discover that I was done over the manure. It was difficult to sort out at the time. It is difficult when the man stands at your front door with a painfully small horse-and-cart, loaded with painfully small sacks of manure, and keeps firing off alternative propositions under the heading "I'll tell you what, Lady." And, fly as I am, I've lived in towns for so long I'm not really up in the price of manure. He said it was four pounds the load, and I said impossible, and he said there were thirty sacks and he'd give me fifteen for thirty bob if I could get somebody to take the other half, and by the time I'd sat at the telephone getting somebody to take the other half and moved the compost heap and kept him from treading on the dahlias, he discovered in his loud, pious counting of the sacks that he'd made a mistake, Lady, and there were forty sacks and he'd tell me what he'd do, he'd throw in the odd five for another ten bob and do the same as a favour for the other lady, Lady. The fatal thing in a transaction of this kind is that it's so mixed. It's so difficult to keep the bargaining distinct from the compost heap. Looking back I can see that I was wax in his hands the moment he'd emptied the first sack. I would never make him shovel the stuff back again. I wouldn't even be surprised if he had been taught to tread on dahlias at his mother's knee, as part of the technique.

The rag-and-bone man beat me, too, on a similar point of technique. Its simplicity almost charmed me, once my blood had cooled. He had agreed to shift the lot for four-and-sixpence, and having picked out what looked good and brassy he whipped up cheerily, crying "It's



"That's how I catch cold: puttin' 'em on when the sun comes out and takin' 'em off when it goes in..."

me bruvver that's interested in the jam-jars," leaving me to stagger down with them to the cellar again.

And then there are my more serious purchases, such as a tea-set or a house. But you see I'm not a collector. I mean I don't buy a tea-set because I'm interested in Rockingham and have studied the market and know what it's fetching. I buy one because there are five people coming on Sunday and the cups won't go round. I buy a house because, eccentrically enough, we require a roof over our heads. This is convenient for the person who has the thing to sell. It creates what is called a seller's market. Looking back I see that

I must have created quite a few seller's markets in my time.

So when I feel in need of comfort I think about Thomas and the lock on his bicycle. It's rather a charming thing, the lock on Thomas's bicycle. Even I find it so, and I'm not particularly susceptible to mechanical charm. It has five little levers and a combination, which you have to know to work it, and it works. The bicycle is a tall blue bicycle, much too tall for Thomas, and it belonged to the tall young man at the paper-shop, and was advertised on a little card on his board. I couldn't understand why Thomas was so keen on it. It was obviously quite

old-fashioned. "Let's look about a bit," I urged him. "It's easy to get a second-hand bicycle now that you can ride a full-sized one." But Thomas didn't want to look about a bit. This was his fancy and he wouldn't budge from it. So I gave in and got in touch with the young man.

The tall young man rode round soon after closing-time and leaned the bicycle against the fence. He pocketed his money gently, and gazing at the houses opposite observed it was a pleasant evening. I agreed. There was something neighbourly and soothing about his way of doing business. Then his glance fell half tenderly, half humorously on the old machine.

"I suppose you wouldn't mind if I just took the old lock off it?"

But Thomas looked up, a long way up at him with his limpid eyes and said "It's for the lock I'm buying it." And it seems there is something about Thomas's limpid eyes.

YOUNG ENTRY

UNTRIED limbs in crook of arm
of huntsman, dangling;
silken head and wide eye staring,
wonder-cowed;
half-wear hound, put out at farm
with young gait gangling;
striping bearing blazon
of a blood-line proud:

coat of coloured quartering,
rud of rusted whin,
frost of silver, slate of storm,
the chronicle of kin:
black hound of Hubert, saint
and lord of venery,
fallow hound of far Bretayne
and white of Barbary.

Bred they hounds to brave the stag,
the otter harry,
high of heart, of sinew sterlinc,
stern of eye;
boar to chasten, badger drag;
to fail no quarry;
wolf to break that, snarling, might
the lawless die:

bred they hounds in blood and bone
to track and take the fox,
that husbandman might sleep in
peace
and shepherd mind his flocks:
mail-bright counts of far Bretayne
that stands upon the sea,
grey-browed monks of green
Champagne,
dark kings of Barbary.

High of crest will grow the head,
the slight limb strong,
broad the breast and sharp the fang
and thick the fell:
faultless then the foot will tread,
the voice rise strong,
ringing deep as rang of yore
the music-swell:

hounds a-cry in forest tall
wind-swayed to the morn,
silver-shot with sweep of spear
and loud with hail of horn:
black hound of Hubert, saint
and lord of venery,
fallow hound of far Bretayne
and white of Barbary.

ALUN LLEWELLYN



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SINK OR SWIM

"Race you to the raft!"

"No, Gerald. Just cover me with sand and leave me. Mark the spot with a large stone and come back for me in about a fortnight."

"The water will do you good."

"I know. I wish I'd stuck to it last night."

"Somebody's birthday?"

"My own. My twenty-sixth to

be precise — and probably my last."

"Don't tell me you've lived twenty-six years and not discovered the virtues of Rose's Lime Juice! Mixed with your gin it robes celebrations of their grimly aftermath."

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Punch, August 2 1950

I'd rather have a Jaffajuce



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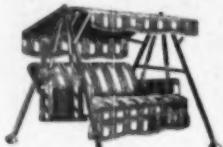
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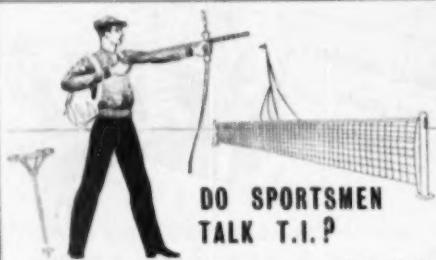


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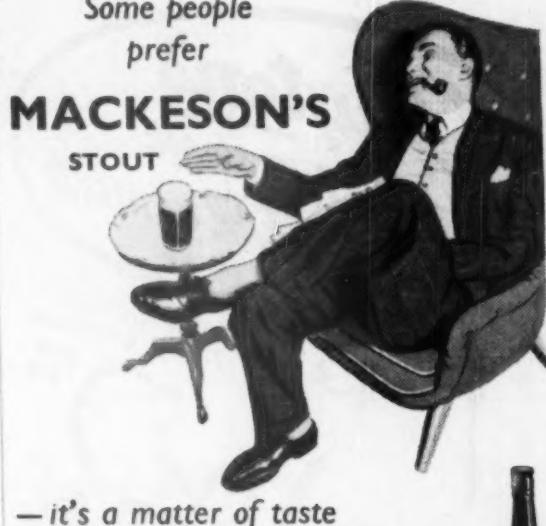
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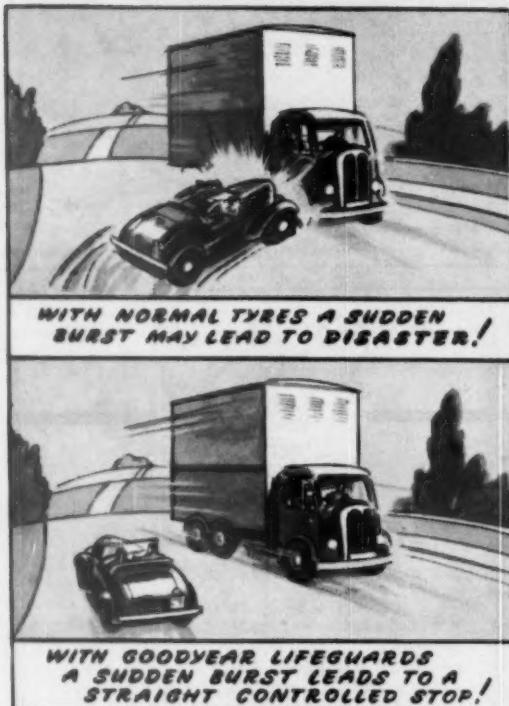
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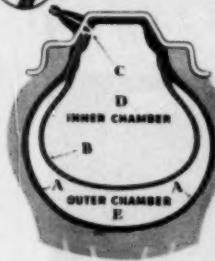
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